

It call'd her tender soul by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy—
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet—
And young as beautiful—and soft as young—
And gay as soft—and innocent as gay—
And happy, if aught happy here, as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate who loves a lofty mark,
How from the summit of the grove she fell
And left it inharmonious! all its charm
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
O to forget her! thrilling through my heart!

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies as all
We guess of heaven: and these were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy:
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame:
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw, and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen? with haste, parental haste
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun,
As if the sun could envy, check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour, nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies! fairest lilies not so fair.

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush, mine excepted, every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand
Which often cropp'd your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure: ye lovely fugitives!
Coëval race with man, for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? you share indeed
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight
But what his glowing passions can engage;

